

Lasso

A young woman is running in the streets of my hometown in search of her mission.

In her distant dreams, men in leather trousers used to carry whores and respectable women alike over the muddy streets. As a child she fell in love with a man who controlled his timeless world by his violent laws and notions of right and wrong. On horseback, the hero performed gun tricks and protected the community with the blood of his enemies.

Now the woman is covered by a blanket of frost, the icy surface of which is broken by nightmare visions deriving from her childhood. Her steps lead her to her own door, but there is no-one to open it. She walks around the house and peeks inside through the large windows.

Her memories and affection for the sensual landscape of Westerns create a sentimental whirlpool, the hypnotic loop of a lasso, in the middle of the living room of her parents' house. The young man agilely bends his body, crossing the invisible field formed by the revolving rope. He is her brother, and she wants to be part of his closed world.

Standing there without moving, she waits to wake up or be noticed. Inside, the man continues with his performance, twirling the lasso faster and faster. When he slams his gun against the floor, she is scared.

The image of the fleeing woman is reflected in the window. We lose the connection to the living room.

The woman grows more distant from her reflection, while the camera takes us from the situation to the seashore, to the remains of the winter snow.

Pain

I'm awake but I feel dead. Am I alive when I'm asleep? Exhausted, I look for pain and suffering in the everyday world surrounding me in order to feel alive.

I'm a captive of my own image and my attempts to escape are my works of art.